You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the mannage of vnruly Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King
For night-owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing
Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
King. Faire Cosin you debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Cosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs do:
Set on towards London, Cosin is it so?
Bull. Yea my good Lord.
King. Then I must not say no. *Exeunt. Entr.*

Enter the Queene with her attendants.
Que. What sport shall we deuise heere in this garden
To driue away the heauie thought of care?
Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.
Que. Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs
And that my fortune runnes against the bias.
Lady. Madam weele daunce.
Que. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no daūcing girle, some other sport.
Lady. Madam weele tell tales,
Que. Of sorrow or of griefe?
Lady. Of either Madam.
Que. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither sadd,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady. Madam ile sing.
Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep
Lady. I could weepe Madam, would it do you good.
Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good
And neuer borow any teare of thee.
But stay, heere commeth the Gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euery one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe,
Enter Gardiners.
Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricockes,
Which like vnruly children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs.
Goe thou, and like an executioner